

## INTERFACE

From a 'please yourself' or  
the freeze in a hug, an edge

grows. Maelstrom love  
to one side, you might think,

coexistence to the other. But  
as we drive along, the edge

is like the mountains in  
Civil War colors shifting

behind August corn, like  
the dislocation under a

tunneling microscope, order  
well disposed to each side.

Only the edge is defined. And it  
shifted when I last looked back.